

Licking Valley Courier.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Published for the People Now on Earth and Printed for Them Every Thursday.

Always Cash in Advance.

VOLUME 12, NO. 9.

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1921.

WHOLE NUMBER 581.



DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For State Senator—
DR. J. D. WHITEAKER
For Circuit Judge—
D. W. GARDNER
For Commonwealth's Attorney—
G. C. ALLEN
For Representative—
C. C. MAY
For County Judge—
JAS. V. HENRY
For County Attorney—
LYNN B. WELLS
For County Court Clerk—
E. M. WILLIAMS
For Circuit Court Clerk—
J. D. LYKINS
For Sheriff—
D. H. PERRY
For Jailor—
JOHN A. FAIRCHILD
For Tax Commissioner—
A. F. BLEVINS

Notice.

In re: Estate of W. H. Manker.
Assignor.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as assignee of W. H. Manker, will sit at the law office of Everett Mathis, in the town of West Liberty, Ky., on the 20th day of September, 1921, to receive claims, and hear proof of same, against the estate of W. H. Manker, and all persons having claims against said estate will present them, duly proven, at that time and place.

W. P. ELAM,
Assignee of W. H. Manker.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Town of West Liberty

Police Judge, W. G. Short.
Trustees: A. P. Gullett, T. H. Caskey, W. W. McGuire and W. C. Lacy.
Clerk, C. N. Nickell.
Police Court, First Wednesday in each month for civil causes.

Morgan County

County Judge, J. H. Sebastian.
County Attorney, Jno. W. Coffey.
County Court Clerk, Ren. E. Nickell.
Sheriff, Chas. F. Henry.
Treasurer, W. M. Gardner.

Supl. Schools, Bernard E. Whitt.
Jailer, H. T. Dyer.
Assessor, D. H. Dawson.
Coroner, vacant.
County Court, Second Monday in each month.
Quarterly Court, Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.
Fiscal Court, On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.
Justices' Courts.
First District, Ed Day, West Liberty, Ky., First Monday in each month.
Second District, Robt. Motley, Ezel, Ky., Tuesday after First Monday in each month.
Third District, E. W. Day, Grassy Creek, Ky., Wednesday after First Monday in each month.
Fourth District, J. F. Lykins, Caney, Ky., Thursday after First Monday in each month.
Fifth District, Thos. Davis, Caney City, Ky., Friday after First Monday in each month.
Sixth District, L. C. Templeton, Florence, Ky., Saturday after First Monday in each month.
Seventh District, D. W. V. Smith, Mann, Wednesday after Second Monday in each month.
Eighth District, Jas. H. Lewis, Blazo, Friday after Second Monday in each month.
County Board of Education, Bernard E. Whitt, Chairman, J. W. Carter, E. C. Gervod, J. W. Fannin, T. J. Eiam and W. T. Ward.
Circuit Court.
Circuit Judge, D. W. Gardner, Salyersville.
Commonwealth's Attorney, Floyd Arnett, West Liberty.
Circuit Court Clerk, J. D. Lykins.
Master Commissioner, R. M. Oakley.
Morgan Circuit Court begins second Monday in March, second Monday in August and second Monday in November. 18 Judicial days.

Kentucky State Government.

Governor, Edwin P. Morrow.
Lieut. Governor, S. Thurston Ballard.
Secretary of State, Fred A. Vaughn.
Auditor, John J. Craig.
Treasurer, Jas. A. Wallace.
Comm. of Agriculture, Wm. C. Hanna.
Supt. Public Instruction, Geo. F. Colvin.
Clerk Court of Appeals, Roy B. Speck.

Kentucky Court of Appeals.

Chief Justice
Judge Shakerford Miller, Louisville
Eastern Division
Judge John D. Carroll, New Castle
Judge Gus Thomas, Mayfield
Judge Earnest C. Clarke, Falmouth
Western Division
Judge Warren E. Settle, Bowling Green
Judge Rollin Hurt, Columbia
Judge Elam D. Sampson, Barboursville

Commissioner of Appeals

William Rogers Clay, Lexington
United States Government.
President, Warren G. Harding, Ohio.
Vice Pres., Calvin Coolidge, Mass.
Secretary of Treasury, Andrew Mellon, Pennsylvania.
Secretary of State, Chas. Evans Hughes, New York.
Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, Massachusetts.
Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, Ohio.
Postmaster General, Will S. Hays, Ind.
Secretary of Interior, A. B. Fall, N. M.
Secretary of Agriculture, Henry Wallace, Iowa.
Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, California.
Secretary of Labor, Jas. J. Davis, Pa.

United States Supreme Court.

Chief Justice
Edward D. White, Louisiana
Associate Justices
Joseph McKenna, California
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Massachusetts
William R. Day, Ohio
Jas. C. McReynolds, Tennessee
John L. Clarke, Wyoming
Louis D. Brandies, Massachusetts
Mahlon Pitney, New Jersey
United States District Court.
Judge A. M. J. Cochran, Maysville.
D. R. Keeton, U. S. Commissioner.
H. M. Cox, United States Marshall.
Legislative
U. S. Senators: A. O. Stanley and Richard P. Earnst.
Congressman 9th Dist. W. J. Fields

SURE TIP.

"I have some money to invest and I'd like to take a little flyer. Can you give me a good tip?"
"Certainly. Try aviation stock."

RIGHT PLACE.

"There's too much horseplay in your musical farce."
"Oh, that's only in the pony ballet."

Just it.

"I thought you said you had a fine ending to your automobile trip." "So I had." "Your chauffeur told me you were arrested for speeding." "Well, wouldn't you call a windup in the police court a fine ending?"

Weighted With a Watch.

The watch of Charles V., which was one of the earliest of these timepieces, weighed twenty-seven pounds. It was a good deal like a clock of the present day.

Save Pennies—Waste Dollars

Some users of printing save pennies by getting inferior work and lose dollars through lack of advertising value in the work they get. Printers as a rule charge very reasonable prices, for none of them get rich although nearly all of them work hard.

Moral: Give your printing to a good printer and save money.

Our Printing Is Unexcelled



THE DIFFERENCE

"I SAW you coming up the street and standing at the gate with Mr. Honeybug and Mr. Mayfair," said Mrs. Jamesworthy. "All three of you were laughing so the whole neighborhood could hear you. I wonder why you do all the laughing with your friends and do nothing but grumble and scowl at home. I haven't seen you laugh in the house in two years, as you laughed out there with those men."

"There's nothing in this house to laugh at," replied Jamesworthy. "Jim Honeybug is a good story teller, and he was telling us a bully yarn, and for a brief season we forgot the burdens laid upon us, which are greater than we can bear. If you could tell a story as well as Honeybug does, I'd fill those ancestral halls with silvery laughter, but you never try to say anything amusing, Mrs. Jamesworthy. You do tell stories, but they are of a gloomy and tragic character."

"Last night, when I came home, you told a dramatic story to the effect that you had called all afternoon, and hadn't a chance to cook anything for me, and so I had to eat canned salmon and soda crackers, and wash them down with water, and I insist that when a husband comes home from his arduous labors in the clanging mart, no empty that his watch chain makes a clanking sound when it flaps against his spine, he should have warm victuals, something he can regumme with pleasure, and pride. The fact that you had an invasion of callers is a cheap excuse."

"My sainted mother never would have permitted any caller to interfere with her management of the cook-stove. She realized that her old man kept the shebang going, and that he should have the right of way. If any old hens happened to be in the house when grub time approached, my mother would request them, firmly but respectfully, to chase themselves, and if they didn't like it they could lump it. When my father came home from his work, the hay was always in the manger for him, and he never had to wait five minutes for a meal."

"The day before yesterday, when I came staggering home, faint and weary from my herculean efforts to make both ends meet, you told me another story. It was to the effect that you had been downtown sizing up a shipment of new spring hats, just received at the millinery foundry, and you were so interested you forgot the lapse of time, and didn't get home in time to cook anything. But you flashed a winning smile at me, and said it wouldn't take you ten minutes to warm up a can of beans, and there was some cold coffee left from breakfast, and you had plenty of smoked herrings on hand."

"Doubtless I should have burst forth into hysterical laughter at this entertaining anecdote, but somehow it didn't appeal to my sense of humor. I was so busy that day I hadn't time to eat anything at noon, and all the way home I was hoping you would have a porterhouse steak about three inches thick, and a raft of boiled potatoes, and perhaps a slab of mince pie as an epilogue."

"The day before that, when I came home as hollow as a bass drum, and fairly gnashing my teeth with hunger, you related a humorous story to the effect that your club didn't adjourn on time that afternoon, and you didn't get home until late, so I would have to get along with a picked-up supper. If I would be patient a few minutes, you said, to make the story seem more spicy, you would tell an egg for me, and there was cold corn bread in the cupboard."

"Such stories, Mrs. Jamesworthy, may seem highly amusing to an innocent bystander, and I have no doubt they would make a great hit if written up and printed in London Punch, but there is something wrong with any sense of humor, or I am at the wrong end of the stories. Anyhow, I can't gurgie over them as I do over Honeybug's yarns."

His Status.

"That man is a human snake."
"Why, he is one of the big copper kings."
"Exactly what I said, only in other words. He's a copper head."

Letter Printing Machine.

A new form letter printing machine cuts paper fed from rolls into the proper size, uses three colors of ink when desired and automatically changes the names and addresses for each letter produced.

Flat Dwellers, Take Notice!

An eminent professor recently said that it was possible to lengthen one's life and improve the general health merely by tiptoeing for a few minutes every day.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

A BREAKDOWN.

We had a breakdown on our linotype Monday that keeps us from using it until the new part arrives. The accident was one of the avoidable kinds—one that was due to our own carelessness. A new part was ordered by telegraph and should arrive this week, but not in time to set the paper. The letters from our correspondents will appear next week.

School books of all kinds at Edgar Cochran & Co's.

Mrs. B. F. Carter, of Lenox, was visiting in town this week.

Edgar Cochran & Co. have all kind of school books and school supplies.

Miss Martha Oakley is visiting relatives at Lexington and Morehead this week.

You can now get all of the adopted school books at the big store of Edgar Cochran & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Perry, of Salt Lick, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Oakley this week.

Miss Beatrice Barber, of Mussell Shoals, spent the week end with Miss Lenore Reed.

Mrs. Linda Day and little son, William Randolph, of Henry county, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Reed.

Mrs. W. S. Potts left Saturday for her home at Ivyton. She has been visiting here for several weeks.

Willie B. Davis has moved to the property on Glenn avenue formerly occupied by W. D. Reed.

Dr. B. F. Carter, of Lenox, has just returned from Dry Ridge Springs greatly improved in health.

Mrs. R. M. Oakley returned last week from Martinsville, Ind., where she has been under treatment for rheumatism, and is much improved in health.

L. Y. Redwine is attending court at Winchester, and Mrs. Redwine left for that city Monday to visit with friends there and at Lexington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Nickell spent last week with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Nickell, at Ezel. Dr. and Mrs. Asa White Nickell, of Louisville, and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Nickell, of Campton, also spent the week there, the occasion being a family reunion.

Edgar Cochran & Co. have been made the distributors for all of the text books adopted for the public schools. A big stock of all kinds of books have just been received.

SOLD.

I have sold the Charley Arnett farm across the river from town to Walter Farris, of Breathitt county, for \$3,500. I have some other good farm bargains. If you want to locate near a good town and the best school in the mountains come to West Liberty. If you want a big farm I have it. If you want a little farm I have it. If want anything in town property I have it.

CHAS. FRANKLIN.

O. M. OAKLEY DENTIST

WEST LIBERTY, KY
Offices over Nickell Garage
All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable.

Nova Scotia Cherries.
The province of Nova Scotia raises exceedingly large and luscious black cherries.

ARE YOU GUILTY?

A FARMER carrying an express package from a big mail-order house was accused by a local dealer.
"Why didn't you pay that bill of goods from me? I could have saved you the express, and besides you would have been patronizing a home store, which helps pay the tax and builds up this locality."
The farmer looked at the merchant a moment and then said:
"Why don't you patronize your home paper and advertise? I read it and didn't know that you had the stuff I have here."
MORAL—ADVERTISE

THE Merchants who advertise in this paper will give you best values for your money.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the year of 1920, I will sell at public outcry at the front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., on MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1921, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, — acres of land the property of Claude Lewis, Blazo, Ky., nearest resident, R. L. Perry. Taxes, \$14.35, penalty and interest, \$2.28; cost, \$2.50, total, \$19.13.

C. P. HENRY, S. M. C.,
By Noah HUGHES, D. S.

Hargis Commercial Bank & Trust Co. JACKSON, KY.

Capital and Surplus, \$110,000.00
Total Assets, \$1,000,000.00

Pay 4% on Time Deposits. Solicits your business on the basis of the most liberal terms consistent with sound banking principles.

H. V. Nickell Ed Day

ANNOUNCEMENT



Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:
"We are making another reduction in the price of Ford cars and the Ford truck, effective Sept. 2. The new prices average \$70.00 under former prices, and are the lowest at which Ford cars and trucks have ever been sold. List prices, F. O. B. Detroit are now as follows:

	New Price	Old Price	Amt. reduction
Chassis	\$295	\$345	\$50
Runabout	325	370	45
Touring Car *	355	415	60
Truck	445	495	50
Coupe	595	695	100
Sedan	660	750	100

*Without Starter.

"This is the third price cut during the past twelve months. On September 22, 1920, the price of the Ford touring car was reduced from \$575 to \$440; June 7th to \$415, and now to \$355, making total reductions in this type of \$220, or 38 per cent. The same proportionate reductions have been made in all other types. One year ago the price of the Ford sedan was \$975; today it lists at \$660 with the same equipment."

"We are taking advantage of every known economy in the manufacture of our products in order that we may give them to the public at the lowest possible price, and by doing that, we feel that we are doing the one big thing that will help this country into more prosperous times. People are interested in prices and are buying when prices are right."

"The production of Ford cars and trucks for August again broke all previous high records with the total reaching 117,696. This is the fourth consecutive month in which our output has gone over the hundred thousand mark, the total of the four months being 463,074, which has gone a long way in making possible the present reductions. June this year, with an output of 117,247 was the previous record month."

"One noteworthy feature of our sales is the increased demand for Ford trucks and cars for salesmen. This class of commercial business has been gradually increasing the past sixty days and we interpret it as a very good sign of improvement in general business."

"No reduction has been made in the price of the Fordson tractor, and none is contemplated." Go over these new prices! See how little it costs to become the owner of a Ford car or a Ford truck. Can you really afford to do without one any longer?

Let us tell you more about it, and advise you regarding the delivery of the particular type of car in which you are interested.

NICKELL'S MOTOR CO.

West Liberty, Kentucky.



Camels are made for Men who Think for Themselves

Such folks know real quality—and DEMAND it.

They prefer Camels because Camels give them the smoothest, mellowest smoke they can buy—because they love the mild, rich flavor of choicest tobaccos, perfectly blended—and because Camels leave NO CIGARETTEY AFTERTASTE.

Like every man who does his own thinking, you want fine tobacco in your cigarettes. You'll find it in Camels.

And, mind you, no flashy package just for show. No extra wrappers! No costly frills! These things don't improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons.

But QUALITY! Listen! That's CAMELS!



Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, Always in advance.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1919, at the post office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Courier Publishing Company, Owners
HOVERMALE & SON, Publishers
L. T. HOVERMALE, Editor and Manager
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE, Local News Editor.

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7 1/2 cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative, The American Press Association.

Anyway, a wise man is wise until a pretty woman makes him act the fool.

"Socks have no visible means of support," says a brother editor. But that depends upon the sex.

We admire the man who readily admits that there are smarter men than himself. He has reached the age where the assimilation of knowledge and wisdom is not difficult.

FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In this issue of the Courier will be found the announcement of Grant Lewis, of Pomp, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county.

Mr. Lewis is a farmer and a man of high character and a man of fine business. He the son of "Red" Bill Lewis and is widely related throughout the county. He has never sought an office at the hands of the people and says that he asks for this office at the request of a number of his friends. He is well qualified for the duties of the office.

The Courier bespeaks for his candidacy the earnest consideration of the voters of the county.

FOR BOARD OF EDUCATION.

In this issue of the Courier will be found the announcement of J. Curren Nickell, of Pomp, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education for Morgan county.

Mr. Nickell is a former teacher and is now traveling for a hardware firm. He is also a farmer and a man of splendid character and good business ability. If elected to the Board of Education he will make a faithful and efficient member and will stand for progress and improvement in the schools. Curren is a good mixer and will doubtless make a strong contender in the race for that office.

The Courier bespeaks for him the earnest consideration at the hands of the voters.

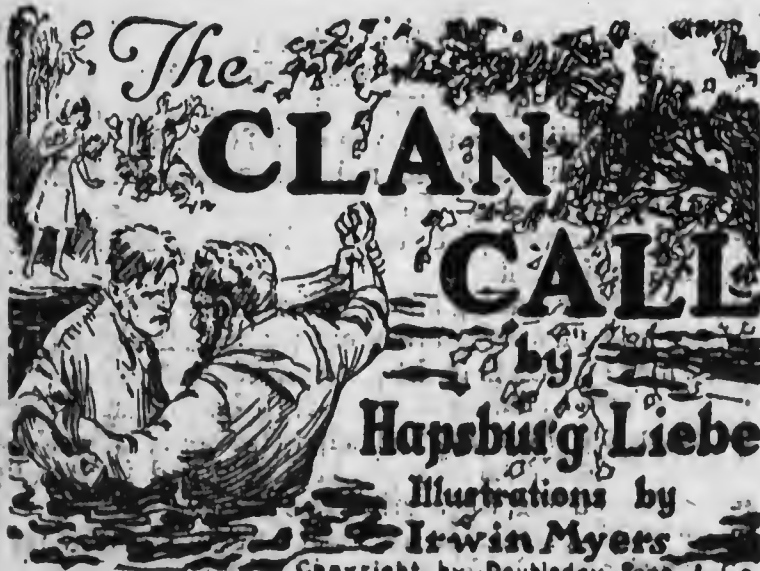
"OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME" WHEN IN TOWN

Come and see us and make yourself at home. Modern, Up-to-Date Buildings.

RATES REASONABLE

Commercial Inn

T. H. CASKEY, Prop.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlisle, a rich boy, is known as "Bill Dale," a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountain girl. "Babe," a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits. A man named Carlisle, Moreland's description of "Carlisle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Bull, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans and their weapons, which the woman had hidden, and the up for her coal "deposit," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.



"I Was a-Tryin' to Sker Him Out o' Fights! Any More," She Inter-rupted.

John Moreland. But Moreland didn't hear. He ran forward with his right hand outstretched, and so old Ben Littleford. Mea could not have greeted a brother with more gladness, Dale thought. "Hi, there, Major Bradley!" the hillman cried. "And how d'ye come on today?" "I am very well, gentlemen, thank you," said the major, smiling. He shook their hands heartily. "The trainmen gave us your message yesterday," he went on, still smiling, "and we were delighted to learn that the young woman was out of danger. I trust you are all in good health, gentlemen."

They assured him that they were. Moreland turned to introduce Bill Dale and the mining man. From the moment that Major Bradley gripped Dale's hand they were friends. "Mighty glad to know you, sir!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "I've been hearing a great deal about you, sir, over in the valley of the Doe. They seem to think there's a body just like Bill Dale! It was Bill Dale this, and Bill Dale that; it was 'Here's where Bill Dale whipped Black Adam,' or, 'Here's where Bill Dale was standing when such-and-such happened,' or, 'Here's where Bill Dale crossed the fence!'"

"Hah-hah-hah!" laughingly laughed By Heck, who stood leaning on the muzzle of his rifle. "Bill Dale is all right, major; y'se shors got my word fo' that."

The others laughed. Then John Moreland said they'd better be moving, or they'd be late for dinner.

When they had put a hundred yards of David Moreland's mountain behind them, the old Southerner tugged slyly at Dale's sleeve and whispered: "Let us talk behind a little, if you please. I want to speak with you privately."

They began to lag, and soon there was a distance of several rods between them and the others.

"I heard through Addie Moreland," began Bradley, his friendly hand on the younger man's arm, "about you and what you're planning to do for the Morelands. I tell you, sir, I thank heaven for your coming, and you may count on me to help in any way I can. The Morelands are quite friendly to me now, though up to the middle of last summer they didn't like me any too well because I made Ben Littleford's cabin my home when out here."

"It was a simple thing that brought us together. John Moreland's little nephew was lost in the woods and his mother was frantic. There are panthers, you know, and wildcats, rattlers, and copperheads. I was fortunate enough to find the boy, and carried him home. That was all. They're a fine people, my boy, and so are the Littlefords. Good old English blood that somehow wandered off. There's no purer, cleaner blood in America, sir."

"And now—how are you getting along with your plans for the operation of the coal mine?"

"Excellently," answered Dale. "We have the necessary finance; a geared locomotive and cars and light steel rails have been bargained for."

"Good!" Bradley gave Dale a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"There's something else I wanted to say, Mr. Dale. You're nearly certain to have a harrel of trouble with a shyster coal man named Henderson Goff. He's a villain, sir, if ever there was one! And he's quite the smoothest article I've ever seen. He can make you believe his white, if only you'll listen to him long enough."

"Is he—has he been here recently?" Dale wanted to know.

"He's here now," answered the major. "He's been here for three days, and he's been working devilment fast. He was up here last summer, trying to buy the Moreland coal for a song; he knows all the people, you see. As soon as he landed here on this present trip, he found out about your intentions. Then, at night, he freed Adam Bull from his tobacco barn prison, and went home with him."

"Well, By Heck followed them and did some eavesdropping—poor By has his strong points!" the major went on. "Goff learned that Adam Bull's father knew about the coal vein long before David Moreland discovered it and got lawful possession of the mountain. Then Goff made the Bulls believe that they were due a big share of the proceeds of the Moreland coal. It wasn't very hard to do. I guess, The Bulls, this set, at least, were originally lowlanders; they took to the mountains, I understand, to keep from being forced to fight during the Civil war."

"Goff's idea," muttered Dale, "is to get the Bulls to share me into set—"

instead of developing, eh?"

"Exactly," nodded old Bradley. "Then he would settle with the Bulls by giving them a dollar or two a day for digging coal; perhaps he would put them off until the mine was worked out for half of that, and then skip. Anyway, Goff would come out at the big end."

"I see," said Dale. "If there's anything that I can do, at any time, you won't hesitate to let me know?" said the major.

"You may consider yourself attorney and legal adviser for the Moreland Coal company, of which I have the honor to be general manager," smiled Dale. "If you will."

Major Bradley's voice came happily. "My dear boy, I am glad to accept! And there shall be no charge for any service that I may render."

They were not long in reaching the green valley, which lay very beautiful and very peaceful in the warm light of the early July sun. The soft murmuring of the crystal river and the low, slow talking of the cowbells made music that was sweet and pleasing.

Suddenly John Moreland stopped, uttered a swearword under his breath, turned and went back to Dale.

"There's a man a-while!" he said ahead of him, "at ye shore want to watch like a hawk to keep him from a-stealin' the eyeteeth out o' yore head. His name is Henderson Goff, and he wants cost."

They went on. Soon they met a "man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gunblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Memphis. The major had said that he was a smooth article; he certainly looked it."

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything y'e've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale thar," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock your head to one side and listen fo' gnawel."

Goff was delighted to meet Mr. Dale, of whom he had already heard. Dale had nothing whatever to say. They walked on toward the cabin of the Moreland chief, with Goff keeping up a running fire of talk concerning the scenery, the climate—anything but coal.

At John Moreland's gate, Goff nudged Dale with an elbow and whispered:

"Meet me at one o'clock down there where the big sycamore lies across the river. I've got something to tell you that will interest you."

He didn't wait for a reply, but turned away with By Heck. He went to the home of the Hecks ostensibly to have his fortune told—really, to get his dinner. The old woman didn't like him, but her labored spirit of hospitality wouldn't permit her to refuse him a meal. She felt that she was almost even with him when, after shuffling and reading the cards, she told him that it would be wise for him to look out for a big, tall, grey-eyed young man with an oak tree in one hand and a couple of cliffs in the other.

Dale told Major Bradley and John Moreland of that which Goff had said to him at the gate. The major suggested forthwith that he go to meet the man; it couldn't possibly do any harm, and there was a chance that he would learn something of Goff's intentions.

So Dale went.

Goff was already there, waiting. He was sitting on a stone on the Moreland side of the river, whittling idly. When he saw Dale approaching, he smiled and nodded, rose and pocketed his knife.

"I want to make you an offer for that coal," he said at once.

"All right," Dale replied. "If your offer is big enough, it will be considered. But no shyster price is going to get that coal, Goff."

Goff frowned uneasily.

"You don't know coal, Mr. Dale. You don't know the business of mining—or I've got you sized up wrong. Thousands of men have gone bust trying to do things they weren't used to doing. There's a big chance, too, thin the coal isn't what it looks to be on the surface. You'd better take a sure thing, and avoid a possibility of loss. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, for that coal."

Dale shook his head. "You'll have to come heavier than that, y'know, if you get the Moreland coal."

"And an extra thousand for your self!"

Dale laughed a low, queer laugh. "You amuse me, Goff," said he. "Seems to me you've mislaid your calling in life. What a peach of a king-villain you'd make in melodrama! You wouldn't have to act, either; you'd have to be just your natural self. And you make me mad, too, Goff. Because I'm on the square with the Morelands and everybody else—now, get that!"

The corners of the shyster coal man's mouth came down.

"Oh, hush!—don't rouse me that virtue stuff. Every man has his price, high or low. You've got yours, and I've got mine. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash. If you'll persuade John Moreland to sell to me for five thousand, and nobody'll ever know you got a rakeback from me. It's all the coal is worth, that ten thousand. Well, yes?"

Dale was of the type that goes pale with anger, and he was pale now. He clenched his hands.

"You can't insult me like that and get away with it, Goff," he elphed. "We're going to fight, Goff, and I'm going to put a licking on you that fifteen horses can't pull off. Get me?"

He threw aside his coat and rolled his sleeves to his elbows. Henderson Goff ran his right hand quickly to a rear-trouser pocket and brought back a stub-nosed automatic pistol, which he turned threateningly toward Bill Dale.

"Any, friend," Goff said very softly. "There's no use in

getting sore. I want the coal, that's all. If I can't get it by fair means, I'll get it in another way. Oh, I don't mind telling you; one man's oath is as good in a court as another man's. If you don't take me up at ten thousand, I'll give you so much trouble that you'll be glad to sell it to me later for half that amount. The Bulls think they own a big interest in that coal! There's a lot of them, too, and they can keep you from working the mine. Well, I can't waste time in dickering with you. What do you say?"

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"I say that I'll beat you at any game you put up against me," very quietly. "Furthermore, I say that you are a coward and a scoundrel, and that you haven't got the insides in you to fight me a fair man's fight. If you'll only pocket that thing you've got in your hand, I'll mow down half an acre of meadow bush with your body."

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GUMPTION

Our Motto: One country, one flag, one wife at a time.
Our Aim: To tell the truth though the heavens fall.
Our Hope: To cure cussedness or kill the cusses.
By L. T. Hovermale.



"OUT OF POLITICS."

There is an amendment to the State Constitution to be submitted to the voters of the State this fall for ratification that is claimed will take the Office of Superintendent of Instruction "Out of Politics." There is such a unanimity of opinion among the daily press of the State, regardless of politics, in favor of the amendment that we rural roosters are beginning to look into the matter. To give the matter an extra boost Governor Morron has published the names of the board who will have the appointment of the Superintendent, to be appointed by him to the public and of the nine he names five Democrats. That looks to be eminently fair, and on the first blush looks a very magnanimous act on his part, but is it really such? It would be an easy matter to appoint a few of the Democrats who would be pledged to appoint the man suggested by the Governor.

"Beware of the Greeks when they come offering gifts," might well be applied to the Republican administration in Kentucky. They gave us a wooden horse loaded inside with armed soldiers when they put over the alleged non-partisan judiciary bill. The joker in the bill was not discovered until it had had the effect, or nearly so, that the Republican sponsors for it intended it to have. Twenty-four of the thirty-six judicial districts are Democratic and the "non-partisan" judiciary bill is the most partisan bill that could have been framed, and the Republicans in this district are trying to use the Democrats to make their Senatorial chestnuts out of the fire for them and don't even intend to scorch their own paws in the judicial fires.

I don't know whether or not I am in favor of the non-partisan school

amendment. I want to see further and reason the matter out. My traditional Democratic theories have led me to steer away from any tendency to centralize power, and one of the troubles of today is the government by bureaus and boards, so, theoretically I am opposed to the idea of giving the Governor, through a board of his own appointment, the naming a State officer. The Democratic theory is that the people may be trusted to choose their own officers. And if they are not capable of doing that, are they really capable of choosing a man to choose a Superintendent for them? It all resolves itself into the question as to whether or not the people are capable of choosing a man for Governor who will choose a board who will choose a good Superintendent of Public Instruction. No invidious reflections on our present Governor are intended.

In truth, there is no such thing as non-partisan boards or officers or anything else. There will be partisans in control so long as we have parties, and I am not sure that it is not the best way. If given a vote on it I believe that ninety per cent of the people of this country would vote to repeal that part of the school law giving the county superintendent the power to name the teachers. Not that they have any great fault to find with the action of the Superintendent, but that they resent the idea of taking their local affairs out of the hands of the people. And there is danger in any law that removes the government of the people away from them. Athens reached its highest stage of culture and progress when all Athens attended the sessions and were a part of the law making body. It fell when it centralized its powers and became a monarchy. I want here to confess to the usual—maybe more—amount of political prejudice, and if most men would be as frank they would make a like confession. I can see more good points in a Democrat in a few minutes than I can in a Republican in weeks. And Republicans and Democrats alike are equally prejudiced if they would admit it.

If I were given five guesses as to who would be the man appointed as the next Superintendent of Public Instruction should the amendment carry I would guess all of them—George Colvin. I have no criticism for Mr.

Colvin as an officer, but I'd just as lief see him succeed by a "lectio" rather than by a "democratic" election. The Joint High Commission that elected Hayes over Tilden was a "non-partisan" board, but eight of the fifteen happened to be Republicans and seven Democrats, and the eight Republicans voted for Hayes and the seven Democrats for Tilden. Like the old farmer who denied the existence of the glacial and was taken to the circus to convince him, and after seeing, turned away and said: "There ain't nuy such animal," I doubt if there is such a thing in existence as a non-partisan board. We have an admiration for the Republican who walks up and votes his ticket—and most of them in this neck of the woods do that. He is a partisan and stands for his convictions. We also admire the Democrat who can take his medicine after the majority has decided against him and can come up smiling and support the nominee. But we can't enthuse over the fellow who takes the politician bellyache when his crowd don't win. Over in the next judicial district, last year, among the Republicans, the Kash crowd called the Hurst crowd the worst names in the English language at first and got worse and worse as the campaign grew and cried fraud and everything else while they were sore just after the primary, but they joined in electing Hurst. The Kashes were Republicans and took their medicine, and are now reckoned among the good Republicans.

It depends largely upon who is doing the reforming if the thing takes. Some of the fellows who are shouting for purity in politics remind me of the characterization Rebels gave to Satan:

"The devil is sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil is well, and the devil a monk is he."

The Republicans in States where they have a minority have a wonderfully seductive voice when they talk non-partisan measures, but in the rock ribbed States like Pennsylvania they sing a different tune, and the Democrat there hears no wheedling tones and dauntless voices urging him to adopt non-partisan ideas. "The meat that Caesar eat" has a wonderful effect on the character of the Republicans in different localities. In Pennsylvania they say to the Democrat "What in hell are you going to do about it?" But down in Kentucky they assume the air of injured innocence and boll over with "righteous" indignation if a Democrat offers stands firm for his party, and are constantly singing a tune to the thoughtless Democrat about probity and righteousness. Every act of a Democratic official is wrong and they seek to work on their feelings to get them to vote for the interest of the Republicans. I think that I have my first time to hear a Republican preach non-partisanship in a civic unit where they had a safe majority. In such cases it is "Vote 'er straight boys," and Democrats should emulate that example in Democratic units.

But, as Artemus Ward would have said, I didn't start out to write about that. I started to discuss the matter of the Constitutional amendment, and the intensely partisan "non-partisan" schemes of our friends, the enemy that I got coupled off on that train of thought. In the theory the thing is wrong; it removes the affairs of the people just a little bit farther away from them and entrenches another bureau in power. It is undemocratic and

therefore must be wrong. If the question should arise three years from now when we will have a Democratic State administration, and the question should be put up to us I might be for it especially if the amendment gave the Democratic Governor power to appoint the Board for life or during good behavior, and it were fixed so that they could elect the successors in case of death of a member. That would be almost as non-partisan as this proposition, and would suit me better.

More, every Democrat in Kentucky should vote the straight Democratic ticket this fall to avoid, Republican "non-partisan" pitfalls.

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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(Continued from page two.)

drills, and explosives. In the meantime, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

It sounded businesslike, Dale thought. Within the hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Cartersville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money sufficient to buy the things that were needed.

Dale and Hayes set out for the north end of David Moreland's mountain, and each of them carried a hand-axe for making stakes. It was not often that the quiet Hayes permitted himself to go into raptures over anything; however, he went into raptures over the Moreland coal. It was, he declared, one of the best propositions he had ever seen. It was no wonder that Henderson Goff was determined to get possession of it, he said.

"Then they went to work. By sundown two days later they had chosen the route for the narrow-gauge railroad and set stakes accordingly. Hayes told his general manager that with a good force of men the last rail could be put down within two months. During those two days they had several times seen Henderson Goff in company with Black Adam Hall and some of his relatives. Once they had come upon Goff talking earnestly with Saul Littleford, the big, bearded, gaunt brother of the Littleford chief. Hayes reminded Dale of this, and said to him further:

"Goff will have the Littlefords on his side the first thing you know. Maybe some of the Littlefords, as well as some of the Hall's, knew about this coal before David Moreland got his mountain by state's grant at a few cents per acre. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Dale, you'll make friends of these two sets just as quick as you can."

Dale thrust his hand-axe inside his belt and turned to the mining expert. "You know, I was thinking of that same thing when you spoke," he replied. "And I believe I can manage it. Now that Miss Littleford's accidental wounding has given the old feud such a big blow, I'm fairly sure I can manage it so far as Miss Littleford is concerned; it's John that's going to be hard to bring to law. He should be bome this evening, if he's had good luck, and I'll tackle him as soon as he comes."

Together they started across David Moreland's mountain, walking rapidly,

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

To the Voters of Morgan county:

I desire to say to the voters of Morgan county, that as the Republican nominee for County Judge I will make the race through. I have been over a greater portion of the county and have talked to a great many of the people and have received many assurances of support from people of both parties.

I have been a practicing lawyer for nine years and also engaged in farming and the timber and lumber business, and, as you all know, have made a reasonable success.

The time has come in the history of Morgan county when sane business principles should be applied to the management of the county's financial affairs. The county is a five million dollar corporation and should have the very best business talent in the management of the use of the public funds.

While running as the Republican nominee for this important office I realize that there is too much politics and too little good business sense used in the management of county affairs in Kentucky. In selecting our county officers, where there is no question of political policies to arise, the people should vote for the men best qualified by fitness and character to administer their affairs.

I worked my way through school and whatever I have accomplished in the way of success is due to my own efforts unaided by others, and I am a friend of the laboring man. I have been with you and have bought timber from you and most of the people of the county know me in a business way.

If elected to the office to which I aspire I pledge you that I will endeavor to apply to the business of the county the same sane business principles that I have in my own affairs. I am in favor of good roads and public improvements.

The enforcement of the law depends primarily upon the local authorities and if elected I promise that I will vigorously enforce the law and be diligent in bringing to justice the violators of the penal statutes.

I appeal to all who wish to see Morgan county a model of law enforcement and sane business administration to support me, regardless of political affiliation.

Yours very truly,
J. H. STRICKLIN.

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Prompt, careful and efficient attention given to every detail

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me! You want that, don't you, Ben? Babe did, I'm sure."

Littleford frowned, faced his big fingers together and twirled his thumbs. Now that he was once more at home, with assurance that his daughter would entirely recover, it was no longer weak; he had all his old courage and all his old, stubborn hill pride back.

"If I see John in," he finally decided, "but he'll have to make the fast break at a-ben's friends. Me axin' him into my house is a purty durned good start toward friendship, ain't it?"

He arose, took up the lamp, walked to the front door and opened it, and called into the night:

"Won't ye come in, John?"

"I reckon I will, Ben," was the lazy answer. "Fo' a minute, anyhow. But I reckon I can't stay long."

(Continued on page four)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce D. F. ELAM, of Index, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November election.

We are authorized to announce W. S. WARD, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce REV. JOE HANEY, of Cannel City, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the general election 1921.

We are authorized to announce J. H. McGUIRE, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the election 1921.

We are authorized to announce J. W. RATTLE, of Stacy Fork, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

We are authorized to announce W. O. POLK, of Joplin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

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ADISON T. WHITT,.....President

W. D. Strode and W. R. Sphar,.....Vice Presidents

C.B. Strother and Holly W. Stevenson,.....Ass't Cashiers.

3 per cent Interest On Time Deposits.

We want your bank account, and promise you prompt and efficient service. Liberal accommodations granted in line with safety.

Ohio & Kentucky Railway

EFFECTIVE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

SOUTH BOUND					NORTH BOUND				
Daily	Daily	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Daily	Daily	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	M.L.V.	M.L.V.	P.M.	P.M.
1:35	7:00	Licking River.....	6:50	1:20	1:20
1:35	7:11	Index.....	6:40	1:10	1:10
1:51	7:19	Malone.....	6:32	1:02	1:02
1:55	7:25	Wells.....	6:28	12:58	12:58
2:10	7:35	Caney.....	6:15	12:45	12:45
2:15	7:40	Cannel City.....	6:10	12:30	12:30	6:10
2:25	8:00	Helechawa.....	12:03	5:54
2:41	8:06	Lee City.....	11:57	5:48
3:09	8:54	Wilburton.....	11:29	5:20
3:15	8:40	O. Vandevore.....	11:28	5:14
3:35	9:00	O. & K. Junction.....	11:00	4:50
P.M.	L.V.	A.M.	L.V.	A.M.	A.W.	A.P.	M.A.	P.M.	A.P.

Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.

UNITED STATES MARBLE COMPANY,
Canton, Georgia



MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, MARKERS, ETC.

Finest Grade Marble and Granite

Best Quality Work

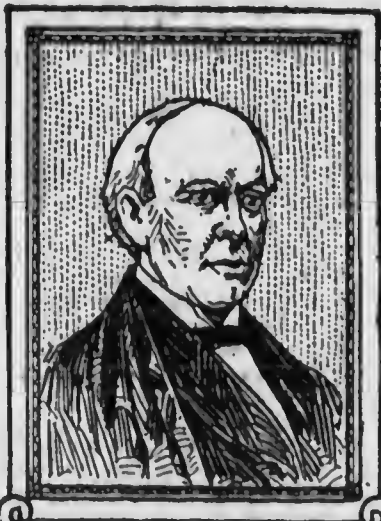
Georgia Marble. Granite, the "Stone Eternal"

All styles of stones and monuments at lowest prices

For designs and prices see

W. P. HALSEY,

Demund, Ky.



Salmon R Chase



As a farmer boy

education. Then he taught school, became United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury in President Lincoln's cabinet, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

There is no limit to the big achievements that can grow out of small savings in the beginning. If your ambition goes no further than marriage, home, children, education for the children, a happy old age, it will require money.

Deposit a part of your earnings regularly in this bank. Be thus insured against want, and be ready to grasp opportunity for profitable investment. Success comes rarely in any other way.

Multiply your money in our care.

COMMERCIAL BANK

West Liberty, Ky.

Capital and Surplus.....\$36,000.00

Resources, over.....400,000.00

THE GROWING BANK.

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

Floyd Arnett, President. C. K. Stacy, Cashier.

T. J. Elam, Vice President. Elsie Arnett, Ass't Cashier.



Many people think that shoes must be tight and pinch the foot in order to look neat and dressy. But comfort need not give way to style.

Right Fitting Is the Keynote

Dress shoes that we fit to your feet can be just as comfortable as shoes you buy for service. And we do not sacrifice either style or neatness in fitting you.

Our pumps, dancing slippers and all sorts of dress shoes offer you a wide field for choice. Our styles and prices will please you.

BARGAIN WEEK

240 Denim Overalls, 50c per leg, seat free
Clark's 150 yard O. N. T. spool cotton, 4 spools for...\$0.25
Best Cane Granulated Sugar, per lb...09
Best Cane Granulated Sugar, per 100 lb. sack...8.00
Dixie Shorts, per bag...2.25
Home ground meal, per bushel...1.20
Clark's mercerized crochet cotton, per spool...10

THE CASH STORE

STORE GLEANINGS.

Our miller says: "We make the best meal ever."
Mr. Rankin, the county agent, says: "Use acid phosphate with your wheat this fall." We have it in stock.
Mrs. A. P. Gullett says: "Your breakfast bacon is fine." Try some.
Mrs. Baldwin recommends our Swift's Premium hams.

The Boss says: "Friedman-Selby shoes look better, wear longer and cost you less per day wear." The Cash Store sells them.

Get your coal in for the winter and save up your taxes

HARDWARE

Kelly Flint-edge handled axes, each...\$1.50
Corn knives, each...50
Buckets for drilled wells, each...1.00
Buckets for open wells, 75c and...1.00
Galvanized well chains, per pound...12 1-2
Nails, per lb. .06 1-4, per keg...5.00
Barb wire, per bale...5.00
Granite teakettles, dishpans, slop jars and water pails, each, only...75

GROCERIES

Perfection flour, per bag...\$1.35
Perfection flour, per barrel...10.40
Arbuckle's coffee, lb. 25c, 4 lbs. for...90
Bulk roast coffee, lb. 15c 8 lbs. for...1.00
Whole head rice, per lb. 10c, 3 lbs. for...25
Clean Easy soap, per bar...05
Gold dust, 6 for...25
Kraut cutters, each...1.50
Brass King wash boards...75
No. 2 wash tubs...1.00
No. 1 wash tubs...90
50 lb. can Swift's pure Silver Leaf lard...8.00
White table syrup, per gallon...75
Salmon, 2 cans for...25

Cordially yours,

H. L. HENRY
INDEX, KY

DRY GOODS

All wool flannels, per yard...\$1.00
27 inch percale, per yard...10
Ginghams, per yard 15c, 20c and...25
All wool blue serge, per yard...1.00
36 inch dimity, per yard...25
White Pique, per yard...35
Men's work shirts...90
Boy's work shirts 65c and...75
Good work pants, per pair...1.75
Best khaki riding pants, per pair...4.50
Good khaki riding pants, per pair...2.50
Middie jeans, per yard...35
White dress linen, per yard...50
Taffetas, per yard...1.60

FURNITURE

Golden oak dining tables...\$20.00
Fumed oak dining tables...25.00
Kitchen safes...15.00
Steel beds, 2 inch posts...11.50
Steel cots...5.00
45 lb. Cotton mattresses...8.00
No. 8 Pine Grove cooking stoves...37.50
Ranges, \$45.00 and...85.00

All on the Easy Payment plan.
KUM AND LOOK.



WAGONS

2 1-2 inch gear...\$115.00
2 3-4 inch gear...120.00
Beds for both sizes, also heavier gears. All wide track.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

TIME WILL TELL

No truer words have been spoken. No maxim has been more consistently proved. Time has told in actual experience, more eloquently than words, the real durability and honesty of all FORD products.

And today after the unflinching test of time, FORD cars are giving that universal service where others fail.

Over five million Fords have been sold and sales now exceed production. "There's a reason."

Place your order with us today for any model car. We can make almost immediately delivery. We sell anywhere.

CAMPTON GARAGE

Authorized Ford Sales & Service.
Campton, Ky.

COLE HOTEL
The Home-like Hotel



Bath Rooms. Best Table Service. Heath-Promoting Mineral Water in Yard.
Livery and Feed Stable in Connection,
J. HENRY COLE, Proprietor
Rates Reasonable

Courier ads bring results.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned at the office of the County Road Engineer of Morgan county in the court house in the town of West Liberty until 1 o'clock P. M. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1921 for the construction of abutments on piers for the bridge at Gordon Ford of Licking river also the excavation required for said work. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the County Road Engineer.

Also at the same time and place we will receive bids for the building of the Gordon Ford bridge from Malone road station to the bridge site at Gordon Ford of Licking river. Weights of this bridge can be had at the County Road Engineer's office. This August 20, 1921.

A. F. BLEVINS,
County Road Engineer.
Bridgeway Party.

We give you a commission on subscriptions.

THE CLAN CALL

Continued from third page.

Moreland followed Littleford into the best room. Littleford put the lamp beside the worn leather-bound Bible on the table, and they sat down. They looked steadily at each other, and Dule saw plainly that both were ill at ease. Surely, thought Moreland, he had done a great deal when he had come into his old enemy's house. Surely, thought Littleford, he had done a great deal when he had asked John Moreland into his home.

Came a silence that was heavy. Each was depending upon the other to make the advance. The two clansmen stared at each other more and more sharply, and soon shadows of bitterness began to creep into their eyes.

Then Major Bradley, guest of Ben Littleford, strode into the room with a patrician and soldierly air, and he understood the situation perfectly. "Gentlemen," he urged, "shake hands. Be friends."

They didn't. Neither seemed to have heard the major. It angered Bill Dule. His knowledge of these feud-



"The Snake!" Mumbled John Moreland.

ists, these grown-up children, was not yet very thorough. He went to his feet. John Moreland, too, arose. "We'd as well go, hadn't we?" Dule elbowed, and there was disgust in his voice.

"I reckon we had," agreed Moreland.

They walked out of the cabin, leaving Major Bradley and Ben Littleford gazing silently after them. At the gate Dule caught John Moreland's sleeve and halted him.

"Why on earth," he demanded, "didn't you make the break?"

"Bill Dule, I went into his house!" Dule put his hands on one of the weatherbeaten gateposts and looked over to where a bright star burned like a beacon light above the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He continued to look at the star, his face gray, until it glimmered.

Then he began to blame himself; he was the hope of a brightened people, and he had foolishly lost his temper at a crucial moment! He wondered whether it was yet too late, and turned his eyes toward his silent companion. He saw that John Moreland was looking toward the horizon star.

The voice of Ben Littleford came to them plainly because the night was so very still; he was reading from the Gospel according to Saint Mark, preparatory to his bedtime prayer. The two at the gate listened intently. The way in which the illiterate giant stumbled over the simplest words was pitiful.

The hillman closed the Good Book and placed it on the table beside him. There was the low shuffling of feet as half a dozen persons knelt at their chairs. The prayer which followed was much like John Moreland's own bedtime prayer; it had in it less of supplication than of thanksgiving.

And in the full of it there were words that were like bullets to the mountaineer at the gate.

"—Bless the good man who is with us here tonight, and all of our k-

Dule's hand came down hard on John Moreland's shoulder.

"You told me he wouldn't do it!"

The old clan leader hung his head, like a man suddenly broken. He replied not a word; he seemed amazed into speechlessness. He had been wrong in his estimate of Ben Littleford; he had lied about a man who had just asked the good Almighty to bless him. John Moreland choked a little and started toward the cabin. He walked as though half blind across the porch, and entered without knocking, and went in to Ben Littleford with his right hand outstretched.

"Let's begin anew," he said huskily. "Let's be friends, yore people and my people, you and me!"

Littleford arose and groped for his old-time enemy's hand, found it and grasped it in both his own. "You're better'n I am, John Moreland," he said—"you're a d-d sight better'n I am."

When Dule left them, they were talking over a great bear-bunt that they had taken together a score of years before.

The moon, full and as bright as new gold, had risen just under the beacon star when Bill Dule reached the doorstep of the cabin that was home to him. He faced about. The broad green valley lay very serene and very beautiful there in the mellow light. There was no sound save for the gentle murmuring of the crystal river.

"You wonderful place," he said softly, then added: "My own country!"

(This interesting and thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber send in \$1.50 and have your name put on the list.)



"THERE IT IS AGAIN!"

That fluttering sensation means heart trouble! Short breath; smothering sensations; inability to lie on the left side; pain in the heart, left side or between the shoulders; swollen feet and ankles; are danger signals.

Dr. Miles' Heart Treatment

has been used with wonderful success in all functional heart troubles for more than thirty years. Try a bottle today. Delays are dangerous. Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Medicines.

Hotel and Farm for Sale—The Commercial Inn, a modern brick hotel, building just across from court house, and farm of 150 acres one mile from town. Farm has 23 acres of bottom land, good house and well watered and fenced. Will sell both together or separately. Call on or address.

CURT LACY,
West Liberty, Ky.

For Sale.

70 acres of land adjoining town, 3 1-2 acres river bottom, good barn good well, coal vein, etc. Will also sell house and lot in town. Big bargain. My home farm. See

REN F. NICKELL,
West Liberty, Ky.

Our Classified Ad Department

Advertising under the head of Classified Advertising will be accepted at the rate of 1 cent a word for each insertion. No classified ad accepted for less than 25 cents.

For Sale.

For information in regard to fine scenic county, Ohio farms, see M. L. Hilt, Crickett, Ky.

Deeds and mortgages for sale at the Courier office.

Indigestion

Many persons, otherwise vigorous and healthy, are bothered occasionally with indigestion. The effects of a disordered stomach on the system are dangerous, and prompt treatment of indigestion is important. "The only medicine I have needed has been something to aid digestion and clean the liver," writes Mr. Fred Ashby, a McKinney, Texas, farmer. "My medicine is

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

for indigestion and stomach trouble of any kind. I have never found anything that touches the spot, like Black-Draught. I take it in broken doses after meals. For a long time I tried pills, which did not give me any results. Black-Draught is a medicine is easy to take, easy to keep, inexpensive."

Get a package from your druggist today—Ask for and insist upon Thedford's—the only genuine.

Get it today.